Torn Veil

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Torn Veil

by Val_Creative

Summary

"Chasing shadows in the middle of the night, Will?"

Notes

If you got up today and you're here reading this, it is much appreciated. 🫶 Keep going. And any thoughts are appreciated too.

Kinktober 2023 - prompt #27: **Double Penetration in Two Holes**
Whumptober 2023 - prompt #27: **"Let me see."**
Goretober 2023 - prompt #3: **Cuts**

See the end of the work for more notes

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"What has happened?"

A stranger with a beard of thick and oiled curls, Norwegian accent… he hurtles onto the gritstone, belly-crawling, unable to cry out with his neck slit… rivets of warm, dark blood… no faces in the windows of the bright colonial Portuguese architecture in Largo do Pelourinho, Salvador…

Will blinks somberly, hunching down through the tunnel-entrance. Hannibal's nostrils flare slightly. It's too late to hide it.

Even so…

"I don't understand what you mean, Hannibal," he mumbles, resisting, but not pulling away when Hannibal's fingers mindfully examine Will's. Scrubbed clean. Underneath the nails, too. Will's gauze-bandage on his palm… not the same one from yesterday morning… it ravels apart more. More and more. Hannibal makes an intrigued noise, softly nudging Will's top lip to examine the gums and Will's scrubbed-clean molars.

Before the stranger manages to get farther, Will pounces on his back, his face silently snarling… Will's hands dig into the fatal neck-wound, tearing it open… sinew and neck-ligaments, veins expose, bulging brightly… Will tears, defiles, using his opening mouth to clamp…

"How very peculiar. You brushed your teeth."

The tip of Hannibal's finger has a strong and cooked basil-like odor to it. Rosemary. Mushroom oil.

Blinking again, Will answers with a gruff *"seems like a decent everyday habit to have…*" and does try to pull away this time. Hannibal eases him back in. His light-colored eyes go to Will's poorly dressed bandages. As if considering the sight before him, not dismissive, not worried.

"Let me see," Hannibal says quietly, not also waiting for permission. He rarely needs it. Will doesn't know if he understands why.

A *tut, tut!* of tongue.

The bandages finally slip off, and it is not only Hannibal who perceives but also Will.

"Chasing shadows in the middle of the night, Will?"

A serrated knife, old-fashioned… it gouges into the center of Will's hand, ripping flesh… the stranger's eyes leering…

"I needed to clear my head," Will admits, feeling the weight on his shoulders loosening. "Took a wrong turn. Frightened an opossum with a rather sharp disposition." They're two years into being forced to live underground, Will recalls. "By crossing paths, I damned what laid before me…"

The other man presses down hard on the wound beginning to bleed until Will grimaces. Will's eyelids flutter.

"Did it attack first?"

"Yeah," Will breathes out, noticing the faint gleam of scorn in Hannibal's eyes, and then nods. "And… it… it's *here."*

(Behind them, a six-foot-or-so long putrid heap wrapped in trash-bags taped together.)

Hannibal takes this in, the edges of his long, pale mouth slowly lifting.

"Similar to how a feline brings home its prey to devour…" he observes, leading Will away to properly care for Will's wound. Will realizes he doesn't have the nerve, or the stubbornness of heart, to argue with Hannibal about anything, heading deeper into the low-lit tunnel…

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Painkillers wear off.

However much he had taken… they didn't debilitate him.

Will groans, regaining consciousness with eyes going blurry. He waits it out. An uninjured hand cups Will's forehead tacking sweat.

There's not much to remember… an hour ago, if not longer, Will knelt in a nest of blankets, arching against Hannibal's bare, broad chest steadying him. The fucking, intense and heart-pounding. It always was. It was always Hannibal, *Hannibal*, his hot breath gusting Will's ear…

Reaching down with the same uninjured hand, Will touches himself. Naked, sweaty skin.

One of his fingers lower. Will's hole sensitive-sore. He presses, familiar with the slickened sensation of Hannibal's cum drying there. More cum, a deep body-warm being held inside of Will, dribbles out. Will's anal-muscles tighten, ease up. He chases the echo of fullness…

Hannibal, Hannibal and his ever-precise fingers shoving past Will's lips as Will gurgles out a feeble protest, crowding Will's tongue… nevertheless, Hannibal shushes him and thrusts those two fingers unrelentingly into Will's mouth drooling to open for him, mimicking the fierce thrusting rhythm of Hannibal's cock buried in his ass… Will's bandaged hand, cleaned, pinned to his thigh by Hannibal's other hand…

"Mm… Hannibal?"

Will drifts back in, turning over, noticing his partner absent from beside him.

There's not many places to disappear. Not in tunnels. Will steps out, every bit of his naked skin illuminated in the fading candlelight. He gazes around. In a passageway's entrance, Will notices a thin and gossamer-like veil hanging out to dry. Liquid trickles off its end.

He cautiously rubs it between his fingers, watching the translucency. Is it… yes, flesh. Prepared and skinned.

"You have been forgiven, you know, Will…"

"For throwing us off the bluff?" Will speaks up, glancing to Hannibal on the other side of the flesh-veil. Likely from the corpse Will brought back like an affectionate and wild-minded cat. Likely Hannibal had done it himself. Not enough transparency here for the details, as he peers through again, but Will can make out what little of Hannibal… as naked as Will. The large, softened form of Hannibal's genitals.

"I understood why. And I understood why you struggle still with your true nature." Hannibal's bare feet pace. "Though I cannot do more than encouraging it, guiding it, nurturing it to the best of my abilities…" he says. "I must admit I wish to know the extent of your commitment."

Will's forehead creases. "To you…"

"No," Hannibal argues, his voice only a whisper. "To us, Will. You and I and the freedom of our choices… I have chosen you. Out of everyone else in the world, I found myself needing you and only you." For a moment, Will's pulse leaps. "But have *you* made your decision yet?"

"Is this…" Will looks over the thinned, dead flesh, skeptical. "I suppose you wouldn't call it a 'marriage veil' exactly…"

"Precisely what it is. Once lifted, you will have divested yourself of the hindrances of both shame and innocence."

Will swallows, rubbing over his lips briefly.

"What if I hold… fondness in those things about myself?" he asks.

"The choice is yours…"

Hannibal doesn't budge when there's an eye-roll out of Will. Six steps. Six steps it took to reach King Solomon's ivory throne. On the first, Will tears the veil, the bloodied corpse-flesh twisting into Will's uninjured hand. He lets it drop unceremoniously on the third step.

By the sixth, and final, step, Hannibal's expression grins. His fingers rake into the dark hairs on Will's chest, petting.

"I know," Will murmurs like a profession of loving faith, an avowance.

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End Notes

Commenting can be hard! I wish it was easier than staring blankly at the screen and struggling with words. So you don't have to use words. Not always! 👏 Emoji comments can be lots of fun! In the spirit of other ficcers -- here's my comment cheat code!

❤️🔴▥ - I loved it!

🧡⚫▩ - I loved it (but in this ficcer's favorite color🧡🧡🧡)!

💛⚪▨ - I liked what I read!

💚🟤▧ - I read this and it was just okay.

💙🔵▤ - OMG I'm devastated! This made me so sad.

💜🟣▨ - MIND BLOWN. AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA. AAAAAAAA.

🖤⚫⬛ - Literally what did I just read...

🤍⚪⬜ - Please don't reply to my comment, thank you.

🤎🟤🟫 - Your fic was good and I am showing support in commenting but please don't reply to my comment, thank you. (I'm shy/anxious/don't wanna talk today/don't like the feeling of being acknowledged when I'm reading on AO3.)

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!